

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH

MONTREAL.



Memorial Service



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(BEING THE SUNDAY AFTER THE FUNERAL OF WILLIAM WATSON OGILVIE, ESQ.)

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MINISTER.

BIBLIOTHEQUE

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In Memoriam—William Watson Ogilvie.

THE RELIGION OF DILIGENCE.

"Seest thou a man diligent in business. He shall stand before kings. He shall not stand before mean men."—PROVERBS XXII. 29.

"This old proverbialist, is here presenting the commercial ideal of a worthy citizen, an ideal perfectly sound so far as it goes.

The man diligent in his business is a man who gives the full strength of mind and body to make a success of his calling. Whatever that calling be it is his life-work, to which he is bound by every principle of honor, and manliness; and, by the discharge of its responsibilities and duties will he, as a man, stand or fall. Whether it be head-business or hand-business—the business of the scholar, or the statesman, the business of the merchant, or the day labourer,—it is all the same his life-work, to which he must give himself, at his level best, to achieve success. It is manly so to do; it must also be religious.

Then to emphasize the importance of a man's life-work, the speaker proclaims the dignity of it. To him who is diligent in his business, there is no commercial honor and dignity which may be considered unattainable. Such an one will stand with the best in rank or station, tested by the standard of commercial success, which is the only standard society can safely

apply. He will stand up in the society of kings and not be ashamed by the comparison. Because he is a king within the circle of his own activity. The true king is not merely the man who wears a royal diadem, and wields a golden sceptre. Many such have been frauds and failures. The real king is the man who is diligent in his business of kingship. His royal place is the seat of honor, and his royal functions his sphere of royal manliness. His royal mission is to live and labor for the well-being of his subjects, and, as duty calls, to bear royally whatever strain the day of national emergency and crisis may demand. The diligent business-man has a place in the same royal fellowship of Heaven's workers, if he be as loyally true to the duties, and responsibilities of business as the monarch in the affairs of state. That is the diligent business-man's high dignity. There is no mistaking the reference in the last clause of the verse. It was obviously the old preacher's opinion, that to compare the diligent business man with "mean" men would be an outrageous degradation. He had evidently in his mind's eye the triflers, the half-workers, the shiftless, and the loafers, who are all so great a contrast to the diligent business-man, and so heartily despised by him. By every principle of human as well as of divine law, the healthy moral nature has only contempt for those who may be called the barnacles of human life—the schemers, weaklings, and tricksters of the community—whose one concern seems to be to get through life as little diligent as possible, except in gathering into their poor, weak existences whatever comes in their way to feed an unworthy animalism. Such are our author's "mean" men.

Though he does not say it, in so many words in this place, our Wise Man obviously believed in the religiousness of all diligent and honest toil, and service. Nowhere else in the Old Testament Scripture is the alliance between righteousness, and success in life, so uniformly and emphatically illustrated, and enforced, as in this Book of Proverbs. Himself a religious man, he regarded the principles of religion as the true source of the diligence of every honest business man. Going aback of the diligence, he knew that the secret of its inspiration lay in the manly motive. The very root-meaning of the word "diligence" shows, that right out of the character springs the indomitable energy that can make for success with burning hands, and win it too; and he knew of no supreme instructor, or moulder of human character, but Jehovah the Lord of Righteousness. Therefore, he could declare so unequivocally, that the business character, that could bid boldly for success, and grasp the reward of diligence, would alone rise up in self-respect and self-reliance before kings, and, in its integrity, stand unabashed.

St. Paul, the Christian preacher, carried on the train of thought, so tersely expressed by the old proverbialist, and broadened out the truth as he proceeded. To the Roman Christians he said: "Be not slothful in business: be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." To the Thessalonians he said: "Do your own business and work with your hands." Nothing could be more explicit as to the religiousness of work than these precepts. But, in his first letter to the Corinthians, he seizes an opportunity which presented, to treat at greater length the high Christian doctrine of the sanctification of business, and everything else in com-

mon life, by the spirit of religion. Apparently, there had been brought under his notice the conduct of certain converts of the city of Corinth, who, because they had become Christians, began to think that they might make light of, if not despise, their old obligations of common life, and the duties of their respective callings. Some of them thought that Christianity involving the surrender of their old heathen practices, it might also cover their denial of the old family and business relations. A Christian husband thought that he might cast off his heathen wife; and a Christian slave considered that he was absolved from obedience to his heathen master. St. Paul at once recognized the peril of the situation for both society and Christianity; and in the clearest terms stated the law of duty in all such cases. "Brethren," he says, "let every man wherein he is called therein abide with God." In other words, whatever be an individual's rank, condition, or calling, if it be lawful, let him understand that Christianity regards that as his special sphere of life and duty, while he is in it; and that he can, in no better way, adorn his religious profession than by faithful diligence in duty and service. The Christian husband should be a better husband because of his new Christian faith; so should the Christian wife be a better wife. The Christian slave should show by his superior service that he is a better man as a Christian than as a heathen. He will have a great opportunity thereby to commend the gospel of Christ to the heathen master, mistress, and fellow servants - and that in a form likely to be the most effective. The best test of a slave's faith in Christ will consist in his being the best slave to his master.

And when Onesimus, the fugitive slave of his friend, Philemon, took refuge with the apostle, he first of all persuaded him to become a Christian, and, immediately thereafter, sent him back to his master with a letter so exquisitely beautiful and tender, that it has come down to us in the Canon of Scripture, a precious relic of apostolic times. Onesimus must return to his master, and, just because he was a Christian, should he return bravely. So careful was he to preserve the spiritual character of the new religion, and teach his converts to carry it into all their life and duty.

Such was St. Paul's mode of illustrating the true meaning, and scope of the gospel. He practically made every lawful station, or calling, a Christian station or calling; and every act of common life a sacramental service. His converts of the true stamp should never cease to be Christians wherever they were, and in whatsoever state. The spirit of the Christ should permeate their activity in its entirety. Their Great Master was always the Christ, whether He were in the temple precincts, or in the family of Lazarus; at the Pharisee's table, or in the home of Jairus; in the festive joy of a marriage feast, as in the hapless sorrow of the widow of Nain. The servant should not be above the Master; well were it for the servant if he should be as his Master.

Thus, to both the old Proverb-maker and to the later Apostle to the Gentiles, the spirit of religion lay at the bottom of the true man's life. Not that either would have desired to obtrude what I may call the material of religion—its forms and services—into the life and action of busy, commercial toil. They would not have encouraged the diligent man of business to

set up, for example, a prayer meeting in his office, during the business day. Nor that the slave should spend time, during his working hours, placarding his work-room with texts of holy writ. They would rather that both business-man and slave should let their light shine before men through their good deeds, and fine spirit, rather than that they should flare it in the eyes of others to proclaim how holy and how pious they were. Their conceptions of true religion were too deep and too real to expect, that any such material expedients were essential to the daily testimony to fervent piety. Both alike would have the diligent master or slave, to prosecute each his individual calling animated by the spirit of faithfulness, which is always the spirit of piety. Then, should the active life of both master and slave develop into intensified diligence, which should mean, in due course, greatly augmented success in the respective lots to which God had called them.

It would say little for us, who are the heirs of all the Christian centuries, were we not to apply more intelligently, the pious suggestions of those two great teachers of old. It would say still less for the spirit and influence of our modern civilisation, if the principle of the Proverbialist and St. Paul were not claiming, and obtaining, fuller recognition, day by day, in the life and business activity of the mercantile community. I have not the slightest doubt that it is so. The standards of commercial life are rising, and the very horror, which the crimes of a great defaulter from time to time create in the public mind, is one of the most striking testimonies to the rising tide of business honor and virtue. Pessimists are always quoting to

us the good old days, and croaking "What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" I deny the assumption in the croak. No former days in the history of the world were better than these. But the comparison is absurd on the face of it; and not worth a moment's discussion. The Christ is reigning in the thought, feeling, and life of mankind as never before; in many quarters, indeed where He is hardly acknowledged—in some quarters even where foolish souls affect to slight His gracious name.

In this young country of ours, where talent and diligence seem to have more elbow-room, and prompter recognition than in the Mother Country, I might quote numerous instances of the man diligent in his business, proving himself a king of men, by the native force of his character, and the wisdom of his commercial policy. We have had, among our Montreal merchants and financiers, men whose whole-souled diligence and high-souled ambition made them the leaders of their fellow-men, and the pioneers of Canada's greatness. Such men may be called the "Makers of Canada," so rapid have been the strides of her progress almost within a generation. These men had a large faith in Canada's future, an untiring diligence in the working out of her destiny, and an intense patriotism that amounted to a steady, glowing inspiration.

Within the circle of this congregation, during the ninety-six years of its history, not a few of Canada's strong men have gathered and matured. In that roll of honor none filled a larger place in the commercial progress of Canada, nor applied himself with greater diligence to develope her natural resources, nor interested himself more cordially in the life of her people,

nor desired more sincerely the elevation and expansion of her ideals, than WILLIAM WATSON OGILVIE. He was proud of Canada, and delighted to recall with enthusiasm, the striking progress in which he had been an eager spectator as well as a busy worker, and helper, for more than fifty years. If ever there was a man with an appetite for honest work, and whose joy was in the working, it was our departed friend. Presiding over a very large business with such distinguished success, and giving of his time to promote a variety of other interests, besides, if there was a busy man in Montreal it was he. And yet he never shrank from the vast responsibility, nor spared himself in the discharge of its duties, nor allowed its cares to cloud the cheery spirit he was of. He met with success as he so well deserved; but success never spoiled him. To the last he had the same full sympathetic heart for those who knew him well, the same ready open hand for all who had been in his employ, and the same sympathetic consideration for all who were deserving of help. Gratified, as he was justly entitled to be, at his success, I know that it was a far deeper source of satisfaction to him that he had been able to help on the progress of Canada, and contribute thereby to the prosperity and the well-being of so many of its people. He loved Montreal, and Montreal loved him. Many a one has remarked to me within the last ten days, that no death has occurred in our city for many years, that seemed to move so deeply the heart of the community in all its classes, creeds, and nationalities. The soul of the people does not so express itself without sufficient cause. Montreal took WILLIAM OGILVIE to her heart because his heart went out fully to Montreal.

Sixty-five years ago this Church took up into her arms in Holy Baptism our departed fellow-member, and became responsible for him. How well she discharged that responsibility he was ever the foremost to acknowledge. How regularly he waited on her ministrations, how devoutly he joined in her devotions, how jealous he was of her honor, and how ready to promote her best interests, you all know very well. We shall miss him much. You, in a kindly, sympathetic fellow-worshipper—I, in a ready, sympathetic hearer and friend, whose memory will ever be a precious treasure.

This is neither the time nor the place to speak of MR. OGILVIE in the sacred relations of husband, father, or brother. The sore hearts that to-day mourn for him speak a language far more eloquent than mine. But this I will say, that he has left behind him for the inspiration of those who bear his name, the best heritage of a good name, a tender heart, a diligent hand, and a generous spirit, to adorn which there can be no worthier ambition in man or woman. May God help them to be worthy.

From ocean to ocean, and from far beyond the limits of Canada, spontaneous tributes have been borne to the thrill of regret which seized many a heart, when the telegraph bore far and wide the sorrowful tale of our friend's sudden and unexpected decease. It was a startling, unwelcome message with an appalling note of warning in it. It came to the strongest, and the heartiest, with a trumpet call, What next? It made us all feel, that in the midst of life we are surrounded with death. It thrilled us with a sense of personal stewardship, for the duties of the life that now is, and

of thoughtfulness, for the life that is beyond death and the grave. It cannot be the wish of any of us, that that call should have fallen upon heedless ears; or that that heart-thrill should have come to depart, and leave no trace behind. The character and work of our departed friend will long speak to Canada for example and encouragement. Shall the manner of his death not speak also for counsel, direction, and diligence, in doing our duty more faithfully, thoughtfully, and tenderly, knowing that the day may be far spent and the night at hand, when the scroll of duty will be sealed?

Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost be the praise, world without end. Amen.

SERVICE OF PRAISE.

I. Opening Verses.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive, still would I reply
"Thy will be done."

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore
"Thy will be done."

II. **Psalms** 53, 1-3, 7, 8.

Take comfort, Christia when your friends
in Jesus fall asleep ;
Their better being never ends ;
why then dejected weep ?

Why inconsolable, as those
to whom no hope is giv'n ?
Death is the messenger of peace,
and calls the soul to heav'n.

As Jesus dy'd, and rose again
victorious from the dead ;
So his disciples rise, and reign
with their triumphant Head.

Together to their Father's house
with joyful hearts they go ;
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
beyond the reach of woe.

A few short years of evil past,
we reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
shall meet, to part no more.

III. **Hymn** 257, 1-3.

Now the labourer's task is o'er ;
 Now the battle-day is past ;
 Now upon the farther shore
 Lands the voyager at last.

*Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.*

There the tears of earth are dried ;
 There its hidden things are clear ;
 There the work of life is tried
 By a juster Judge than here.

There the sinful souls that turn
 To the Cross their dying eyes,
 All the love of Christ shall learn
 At His feet in Paradise.

IV. **Anthem.** - - - - - *Tennyson.*

Sunset, and evening star,
 And one clear call for me !
 And may there be no moaning of the bar
 When I put out to sea,
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full, for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight, and evening bell,
 And after that the dark !
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark ;
 For tho' from out our bourne of 'Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
 When I have crost the bar.

V. **Response.**

Oh, that I had wings like a dove,
 Then would I fly away and be at rest.

VI. **Hymn** 255, 1-4.

When our heads are bowed with woe,
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,
 When we mourn in sorrow drear,
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
 Thou hast shed the human tear ;
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

When the solemn death-bell tolls
 For our own departing souls,
 When our final doom is near,
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
 Thou the blood of life hast shed,
 Thou hast filled the mortal bier ;
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

VII. **Offertory.**

One sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er,
 I am nearer home to-day
 Than I've ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many mansions be,
 Nearer the great white throne,
 Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bounds of life,
 Where we lay our burdens down ;
 Nearer leaving the cross,
 Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between
 Winding adown thro' the night,
 Is the silent, unknown stream,
 That leads at last to the light.

Father, be near when my feet
 Are slipping o'er the brink ;
 For it may be I am nearer home,
 Nearer now than I think.

VIII. **Hymn** 59, 1-3.

Jesus lives ! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, death, appal us ;
 Jesus lives ! by this we know
 Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Hallelujah !

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
 But the gate of life immortal ;
 This shall calm our trembling breath
 When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah !

Jesus lives ! for us he died :
 Then, alone to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart will we abide,
 Praise to him and glory giving,
Hallelujah !

